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TRAVELING IN CIRCLES OF LIFE

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CELL SPEAK

*I, from the Beginning,
 am a part of forever.
 to the more complex,
 to you, Human, late arrival.*

*I begin new life,
 trap and send messages,
 stretch, pulsate, contract, divide.*

*I give you visions, aromas, warm sensations,
 raucous/gentle noises
 all the shades of feelings your brain interprets.*

*I, build, demolish, rebuild
 using the bihelical director's blueprints,
 ancestrally passed repository of all that is you.*

*Microscopic clones protect you,
 conquer aliens
 though a few may escape our vigilance.*

*Busyness is the hallmark of my gelatinous mass.
 Production, local distribution, shipping exports
 stopping only at death.*

*When your span is completed, I
 donate my atoms to other life, continue the
 Cycle, unbroken, energized by the power of infinity.*

*I, a part of the Beginning, will
 always be a part of Forever.*

PROMISED LAND

HE,

Addict,

*crumpled, compromised,
shuffling, nodding, waiting
captive of the white powder,
Junkie.*

Homeless,

*manchild, regressed,
unloving, despairing, fearing
bone wrenching, withdrawal pain,
Prisoner.*

Dropout,

*unlovable,
discard, egoless, manchild, living
Zombie.*

SHE,

Like a

*crumpled chocolate
wrapper, she discarded self,
Nightmares push her to the dealer's
heaven.*

Lost soul,

*children forgotten,
bonds only with johns,
pimps, white promise of peace, pseudo-
woman.*

Repelled

*passerbys think
her void her fault. If only she lived
by their morality, cleaned up
her act.*

Virgin

*visions taint their thoughts,
Taint her thoughts in lucid moments,
Coke, horse erase her fall from grace,
her sins.*

THEY

Couple,

*children of the night dropouts, from living,
failed by those who knew them
and each other.*

THE CONGREGATION

*Columbian, Asian crack,
power defining, escapes
past border sentinels pretending*

*unawareness of its exit,
in human mules, or false partitions,
along a thousand routes planned*

*with inventiveness
rivaling a sci-fi blockbuster. Rural landing strips,
obscure and murky coves*

*lined with flickering,
beckoning light to guide
the chariots to their havens*

*where kilos of lethal, druglord
fortune building, user unfriendly
illusions are welcome.*

*This cash crop
is never counted in the GNP (Gross Nat'l Product)
or on the bank cartels' bottom lines.*

*Refined, added to
recipes of look-alikes each time it
descends the ladder to the swelling ranks.*

*Methodically separated by sharp razors,
while columns stand at attention
waiting to serve the believers.*

*eagerly seeking temporary release
from mundane reality, life's pain
and overwhelming tensions.*

*In corner outdoor markets,
patrons palm dollars to
life hardened children*

*dreaming of riches
and their few minutes in the Sun
while drivers, cruising*

*in junkers to Beamers,
thrust furtive hands through
half-closed windows towards*

*brazen merchants. Prizes
clutched tightly, they speed away
unmindful of playing children or*

old folks crossing.

*only of their second fear, impoundment.
Their first is soothed.*

*The clientele
are of common philosophy
religion, and obsession--*

*to attend the Church
of "Make Me Feel Good"
But its frequent services demand*

*their presence
throughout the day, every
day or the promised guarantees are voided,*

*with no money back
And its collection plate
is a yawning abyss leading*

*to the bottomless pit
of Never Enough
Give Me More.*

MELANIN MUSINGS

*"If you're white, all right. If you're black, get back."
Jump rope melody, childhood, sing-a-long.
All about skin, melanin defined. Black
organ, protector, encompassing, strong
Skin, bathed in utero untouched by light.
Skin, scraped in playing, patched, under repair.
Skin, acned curse of adolescents, dreaded sight.
Skin, roused by love's pounding, caressings, care
Skin, aged armor, chinks easily, thinning.
Skin, returned to elements, life reborn.
Cycle's completed. Death is not winning.
Skin-black, brown, yellow, red, white; no scorn
from the Creator, no color more bless'd.
Homo sapiens, skin's skin - no more, no less.*

TRANSCENDENT MEDITATION

*I repeat the mantra
verbally, then seal my
lips, and hear it inside
my head. Tension leaves
my muscles to twitch into
relaxation. My mind detaches.*

*Neurons empty, disconnected
problems tranquilized,
flee my consciousness.*

*Blood, usually unheard,
rages through my ears,
sounding lub-a-dub, lub-a-dub,
pulsed by the heart, a comfort,
evoking repressed memories
of pre-birth life...and mother.*

*Tempted by a sense of joyful
nothingness, benign darkness, I
float, willingly, towards
a pinpoint light that widens,
engulfs me with its soft,
seducing, calming cocoon.*

*Peacefully inside, I
release my will to it,
I embrace it joyfully.*

*I long to stay in
conscious death, invite
the afterlife, and be.*

*But, slowly, with quickening
breath, alerted muscles, I
relinquish heaven to life.*

PANDORA'S BOX REOPENED

*When I give breath to memories long dead,
disappointments, shamed anger, defeats, wed
to a hideous monster constructed of words,
twisted feelings, muted cries, forgiveness unheard,*

*I free to be surfaced the chaos in me,
self-doubts and fear of the dark side I see
of furtive id lurking round in my mind,
unwanted phantom, playing games that unbind
unreachable goals still causing unrest,
the fear of failing the best of Life's tests,
rejections through hurts never meant to be done,
the wounds I inflicted, more than just one.*

*Loosed memories, go! Rise up to the light.
Unshroud my day. Uncrucify my night.*

ENDING

*When I
 see death's profile
emerge while mine
 fades the mirror
of Life.*

*I will
 vacate my fragile shell
release my spirit to
 fuse, joyfully, with the
Greater I.*